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THE
STORY
OF THE
INJURED LADY.

Being a true PICTURE of
SCOTCH Perfidy, IRISH Poverty,
and ENGLISH Partiality.

WITH
LETTERS and POEMS
Never before Printed.

By the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

L O N D O N,
Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in
Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXLVI.
[Price One Shilling.]

THE
STORY

OF THE
INHERITED LADY.

Scotch Whisky, Irish Potatoes
and English Land.

LETTERS AND POEMS

4. 6. 9.
1877.

By the Rev. Dr. S. J. D. D.

LONDON.

Printed for M. J. D. D. in
Pavement, DOCKLAND.



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THE
STORY
OF THE
INJURED LADY.

Written by HERSELF.

S I R,

BEING ruined by the Inconstancy and Unkindness of a Lover, I hope, a true and plain Relation of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Warning to credulous Maids, never to put too much Trust in deceitful Men.

A Gentleman in the Neighbourhood had two Mistresses, another and myself; and he pretended honourable Love to us both. Our three Houses stood pretty near one another; his was parted from mine by a River, and from my Rival's by an old broken Wall. But before I enter into the Particulars of this

A

Gentle-

Gentleman's hard Usage of me, I will give a very just impartial Character of my Rival and Myself.

As to her Person she is tall and lean, and very ill-shaped; she hath bad Features, and a worse Complexion; she hath a stinking Breath, and twenty ill Smells about her besides; which are yet more unsufferable by her natural Sluttishness; for she is always Lousy, and never without the Itch. As to other Qualities, she hath no Reputation either for Virtue, Honesty, Truth, or Manners; and it is no Wonder, considering what her Education hath been. Scolding and Curfing are her common Conversation. To sum up all; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry Maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this Gentleman who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible Hatred; revileth him to his Face, and railleth at him in all Companies. Her House is frequented by a Company of Rogues and Thieves, and Pick-pockets, whom she encourageth to rob his Hen-roosts, steal his Corn and Cattle, and do him all manner of Mischief. She hath been known to come at the Head of these Rascals, and beat her Lover until he was sore from Head to Foot, and then force him to pay for the Trouble she was at. Once, attended with a Crew of Raggamuffins, she broke into his House, turned all Things topsy-

topsy-turvy, and then set it on Fire. At the same Time she told so many Lies among his Servants, that it set them all by the Ears, and his poor *Steward* was knocked on on the Head; for which I think, and so doth all the Country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her Character; she is of a different Religion, being a Presbyterian of the most rank and virulent Kind, and consequently having an inveterate Hatred to the Church; yet, I am sure, I have been always told, that in Marriage there ought to be an Union of Minds as well as of Persons.

I will now give my own Character, and shall do it in few Words, and with Modesty and Truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our Neighbourhood, untill I became pale and thin with Grief and ill Usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill Feature about me. They that see me now will hardly allow me ever to have had any great Share of Beauty; for besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed and in an Undress, as well out of Neglect, as indeed for want of Cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good Estate, although it now turneth to little Account under the Oppressions I endure, and hath been the true Cause of all my Misfortunes.

Some Years ago, this Gentleman taking a Fancy either to my Person or Fortune, made his Addresses to me ; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted ; he seemed to use me with so much Tenderneſs, and his Converſation was ſo very engaging, that all my Conſtancy and Virtue were too ſoon overcome ; and, to dwell no longer upon a Theme that cauſeth ſuch bitter Reflections, I muſt confeſs with Shame, that I was undone by the common Arts practiſed upon all eaſy credulous Virgins, half by Force, and half by Conſent, after ſolemn Vows and Proteſtations of Marriage. When he had once got Poſſeſſion, he ſoon began to play the uſual Part of a too fortunate Lover, affecting on all Occaſions to ſhew his Authority, and to act like a Conqueror. Firſt, he found Fault with the Government of my Family, which I grant, was none of the beſt, conſiſting of ignorant illiterate Creatures ; for at that Time, I knew but little of the World. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his Ways and Methods of Living ; I conſented that his Steward ſhould govern my Houſe, and have Liberty to employ an Under-Steward, who ſhould receive his Directions. My Lover proceeded further, turning away ſeveral old Servants and Tenants, and ſupplying me with others from his own Houſe. Theſe grew ſo domineering

ing and unreasonable, that there was no Quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual Quarrels, which although I could not possibly help, yet my Lover laid all the Blame and Punishment upon me; and upon every Falling out, still turned away more of my People, and supplied me in their Stead with a Number of Fellows and Dependents of his own, whom he had no other Way to provide for. Overcome by Love and to avoid Noise and Contention, I yielded to all his Usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best Policy to make my Court to my new Servants, and draw them to my Interests; I fed them from my own Table with the best I had, put my new Tenants on the choice Parts of my Land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their Master. In process of Time, all my old Servants were gone, and I had not a Creature about me, nor above one or two Tenants but what were of his chusing; yet I had the good Luck by gentle Usage to bring over the greatest Part of them to my Side. When my Lover observed this, he began to alter his Language; and, to those who enquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old Dependent upon his Family, whom he had placed on some Concerns of his own; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by Degrees all common

Civility in his Behaviour. I shall never forget the Speech he made me one Morning, which he delivered with all the Gravity in the World. He put me in the Mind of the vast Obligations I lay under to him, in sending me so many of his People for my own Good, and to teach me Manners: That it had cost him ten Times more than I was worth, to maintain me: That it had been much better for him, if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the Bottom of the Sea: That it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able, to reimburse him some of his Charges: That from henceforward he expected his Word should be a Law to me in all Things: That I must maintain a Parish-watch against Thieves and Robbers, and give Salaries to an Overseer, a Constable, and Others, all of his own chusing, whom he would send from Time to Time to be Spies upon me: That to enable me the better in supporting these Expences, my Tenants shall be obliged to carry all their Goods cross the River to his Town-market, and pay Toll on both Sides, and then sell them at half Value. But because we were a nasty Sort of People, and that he could not endure to touch any Thing we had a Hand in, and likewise, because he wanted Work to employ his own Folks, therefore we must send all our Goods to his Market

Market juſt in their Naturals ; the Milk immediately from the Cow without making it into Cheeſe or Butter ; the Corn in the Ear, the Graſs as it is mowed ; the Wool as it cometh from the Sheep's Back, and bring the Fruit upon the Branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy Hands: That if a Tenant carried but a Piece of Bread and Cheeſe to eat by the Way, or an Inch of Worſted to mend his Stockings, he ſhould forfeit his whole Parcel: And be- cauſe a Company of Rogues uſually plyed on the River between us, who often robbed my Tenants of their Goods and Boats, he or- dered a Waterman of his to guard them, whoſe Manner was to be out of the Way until the poor Wretches were plundered ; then to overtake the Thieves, and ſeize all as lawful Prize to his Maſter and himſelf. It would be endleſs to repeat a hundred o- ther Hardſhips he hath put upon me ; but it is a general Rule, that whenever he ima- gines the ſmalleſt Advantage will redound to one of his Foot-boys by any new Op- preſſion of me and my whole Family and Eſtate, he never diſputeth it a Moment. All this hath rendered me ſo very inſigni- ficant and contemptible at Home, that ſome Servants to whom I pay the greateſt Wages, and many Tenants who have the moſt be- neficial Leaſes, are gone over to live with

him; yet I am bound to continue their Wages, and pay their Rents; by which Means one third Part of my whole Income is spent on his Estate, and above another Third by his Tolls and Markets; and my poor Tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that, instead of maintaining me suitably to my Quality, they can hardly find me Cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common Necessaries of Life for themselves.

Matters being in this Posture between me and my Lover; I received Intelligence that he had been for some time making very pressing Overtures of Marriage to my Rival, until there happened some Misunderstandings between them; she gave him ill Words, and threatened to break off all Commerce with him. He, on the other side, having either acquired Courage by his Triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a Fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high Hand; but hearing at the same Time, that she had Thoughts of making some private Proposals to join with me against him, and doubting, with very good Reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper Occasion to shew some great Example of Generosity and Love; and so, without further Consideration, I sent him Word, that hearing there was like to be a Quarrel between him and my Rival; notwithstanding
ing

ing all that had passed, and without binding him to any Conditions in my own Favour, I would stand by him against her and all the World, while I had a Penny in my Purse, or a Petticoat to pawn. This Message was subscribed by all my chief Tenants; and proved so powerful, that my Rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The Result of which was, that there is now a Treaty of Marriage concluded between them, the Wedding Cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the Ceremony, which is put off for some Days, because they design it to be a publick Wedding. And to reward my Love, Constancy, and Generosity, he hath bestowed on me the Office of being Sempstress to his Grooms and Footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the midst of this my Situation, I cannot but have some Pity for this deluded Man, to cast himself away on an infamous Creature, who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very Minute rather be a Whore to a certain great Man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her Will. For my Part, I think, and so doth all the Country too, that the Man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some Powder.

I am

I am sure, I never sought his Alliance, and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other Matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have Offers, that some, who hold their Heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked Thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little Quiet, to be free from the Persecutions of this unreasonable Man, and that he will let me manage my own little Fortune to the best Advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable Pension every Year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his Oppressions; for he must needs find himself a Loser at last, when he hath drained me and my Tenants so dry, that we shall not have a Penny for him or ourselves. There is one Imposition of his, I had almost forgot, which I think unsufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable Person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that by an old Compact we agreed to have the same Steward, at which Time I consented likewise to regulate my Family and Estate by the same Method with him, which he then shewed me writ down in Form, and I approved of. Now, the Turn he thinks fit to give this Compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends that whatever Orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his Family, he may, if he will, compel

compel mine to observe them, without asking my Advice, or hearing my Reasons. So that, I must not make a Lease without his Consent, or give any Directions for the well-governing of my Family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such Confusion and Uncertainty, that my Servants know not when to obey me, and my Tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a Loss.

But, I am too tedious upon this melancholy Subject, which however, I hope, you will forgive, since the Happiness of my whole Life dependeth upon it. I desire you will think a while, and give your best Advice what Measures I shall take with Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Honour, to protect my Liberty and Fortune against the Hardships and Severities I lie under from that unkind, inconstant Man.

THE

THE
ANSWER
TO THE
Injured Lady.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyship's Letter, and carefully considered every Part of it, and shall give you my Opinion how you ought to proceed for your own Security. But first, I must beg leave to tell your Ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable Weakness t'other Day in making that Offer to your Lover, of standing by him in any Quarrel he might have with your Rival. You know very well, that she began to apprehend he had Designs of using her as he had done you; and common Prudence might have directed you rather to have entered into some Measures

fures with her for joining againſt him, until he might at leaſt be brought to ſome reaſonable Terms: But your invincible Hatred to that Lady hath carried your Reſentments ſo high, as to be the Cauſe of your Ruin; yet, if you pleaſe to conſider, this Averſion of yours began a good while before ſhe became your Rival, and was taken up by you and your Family in a ſort of Compliment to your Lover, who formerly had a great Abhorrence for her. It is true, ſince that Time you have ſuffered very much by her Encroachments upon your Eſtate, but ſhe never pretended to govern or direct you: And now you have drawn a new Enemy upon yourſelf; for I think you may count upon all the ill Offices ſhe can poſſibly do you by her Credit with her Huſband; whereas, if, inſtead of openly declaring againſt her without any Provocation, you had but ſat ſtill a while, and ſaid nothing, that Gentleman would have leſſened his Severity to you out of perfect Fear. This Weakneſs of yours, you call Generoſity; but I doubt there was more in the Matter. In ſhort, Madam, I have good Reaſons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious Counſels of ſome about you: For to my certain Knowledge, ſeveral of your Tenants and Servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant Rascals as any in the Country.

I can-

I cannot but observe what a mighty Difference there is in one Particular between your Ladyship and your Rival. Having yielded up your Person, you thought nothing else worth defending, and therefore you will not now insist upon those very Conditions for which you yielded at first. But your Ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some Years since your Rival did the same Thing, and upon no Conditions at all; nay, this Gentleman kept her as a Miss, and yet made her pay for her very Diet and Lodging. But, it being at a Time when he had no Steward, and his Family out of Order, she stole away, and hath now got the Trick very well known among Women of the Town, to grant a Man the Favour over Night and the next Day have the Impudence to deny it to his Face. But, it is too late to reproach you with any former Oversight, which cannot now be rectified. I know the Matters of Fact as you relate them are true and fairly represented. My Advice therefore is this. Get your Tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following Resolutions.

First, That your Family and Tenants have no Dependence upon the said Gentleman, further than by the old Agreement, which obligeth you to have the same Steward,

ard, and to regulate your Household by such Methods as you shall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your Goods to the Market of his Town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them any where else.

Thirdly, That the Servants you pay Wages to shall live at Home, or forfeit their Places.

Fourthly, That whatever Lease you make to a Tenant, it shall not be in his Power to break it.

If he will agree to these Articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all Charges of Parish and County.

I can assure you, several of that Gentleman's ablest Tenants and Servants are against his severe Usage of you, and would be glad of an Occasion to convince the rest of their Error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the Gentleman refuses these just and reasonable Offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor SWIFT.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Arch-
bishop of Dublin.*

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

MY LORD,

I HAD the Honour of your Grace's Letter of *September 16*, but I was in no Pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other Time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you ; because I know how much an insignificant Letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your * Memorial, &c. in another Pacquet. I should have been glad the Bishops had been here ; although I take Bishops to be the worst Solicitors in the World, except

* A Memorial of the Bishops and Clergy of *Ireland*, concerning the First Fruits and Twentieth Parts.

for

for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little Troubles of Attendance that other Men are content to swallow: Else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier than Men of my Level are likely to do,

As soon as I received the Pacquets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. * *Harley*. I had prepared him before by another Hand where he was very intimate; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last Ministry, after some Obligations, because I refused to go certain Lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some Sort Mr. *Harley's* own Case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest Marks of Kindness and Esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the ill Usage I had met with. I sat with him two Hours among Company, and two Hours we were alone. Where I told him my Business, and gave him the History of it: Which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the Difficulties we met with by Lords Lieutenants and their Secretaries; who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me intirely; and said,

* Lord High Treasurer of *England*, created afterwards Earl of *Oxford*

neither they nor himself should have the Merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my Memorial with the first Opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this Interregnum. I said the Honour and Merit, next to the Queen, would be his; that it was a great Encouragement to the Bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to be the chief Adviser of the Queen, to grant the same Favour in *England*: That consequently the Honour and Merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater Things: And that for my Part, I thought he was obliged to the Clergy of *Ireland* for giving him an Opportunity of gratifying the Pleasure he took in doing Good to the Church. He took my Compliment extremely well, and renewed his Promises. Your Grace will please to know, that besides the First Fruits, I told him of the Crown Rents; and shewed the Nature and Value of them; but said; My Opinion was, that the Convocation had not mentioned them in their Petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord * *Wharton* with the Address, because they thought the Times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary Power to solicit it in so favourable a Juncture.

I had two Memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the

* Then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

Nature of the Things, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these Memorials had a Paragraph at the End relating to the Crown Rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *Both* with his best Offices to the Queen. As I have placed that Paragraph in my Memorial, it can do no Harm, and may possibly do Good. However, I beg your Grace to say nothing of it, but if it dieth, let it die in Silence: We must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was empowered, &c. he desired to see my Powers: And then I heartily wished them more ample than they were: And I have since wondered what Scruple a Number of Bishops could have to empower a Clergyman to do the Church and them a Service, without any Imagination of Interest for himself.

Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him To-day: But I shall not put him upon this Discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add it at the Bottom of this. He says, Mr. Secretary * *St. John* desireth to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further Help; although I told him I had no Thoughts of applying to any but himself,

* Afterwards created Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*.

wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for Form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the Envy of being thought to do such a Thing alone. But an old Courtier (an intimate Friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good Inclinations and Credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my Memory; but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer Idea how Matters are, than if I had writ in more Order.

I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 24, 1710.

Reverend Sir,

I Thank you for yours of the 10th Instant, and send you inclosed a farther Power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to Town, which obliged me to wait on him at *Johnston*, and hindred the joining of two or three Bishops in it who are yet in Town: But I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the Morning to wait on his Grace, and intended when he had signed it, to have applied to other

other Bishops; but he was abroad taking the Air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it, as it is, than wait for another Post. You may expect by the next a Letter to his Grace of *Canterbury*, and another to the Archbishop of *York*. I apprized them both of the Business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it; I am not sure, that her Majesty remembers what I said on the Subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the Time. I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the Favour she designed the Clergy of *Ireland* by the Hands it must then have passed through, but said, that in the Interval of a Change, or Absence of a Chief Governor, it should be done. I hope, now is the proper Time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the Dictates of her own bountiful Inclinations, than the Intrigues of cunning covetous Counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many Things; but such a Crowd of Visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my Gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to GOD's Care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM *Dublin.*

B 3

The

22 LETTERS *to and from*

*The * Lord Primate and Archbishop of*
DUBLIN, *to Dr. SWIFT.*

SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 24, 1710.

WE directed a Letter to the Bishops of *Ossory* and *Killaloe* last *August*, desiring and empowering them to solicit the Affair of our First Fruits and Twentieth Parts, with her Majesty; which has depended so long, notwithstanding her Majesty's good Intentions; and several Promises of the Chief Governors here, to lay our Addresses before her Majesty in the best Manner. We were then apprehensive that those Bishops might return from *England* before the Business could be effected, and therefore we desired them to concern you in it; having so good Assurance of your Ability, Prudence and Fitness to prosecute such a Matter. We find the Bishops returned before you came to *London*, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper Time to prosecute it with Success, we entreat you to take the *full Management* of it into your Hands; and do commit the Care of soliciting it to your Diligence and Prudence; desiring you to let us know, from Time to Time, what Progress is made in it. And, if any Thing farther be necessary on our Part, on your

* *Dr. Narcissus Marsh.*

Intimation,

Dr. SWIFT.

23

Intimation, we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our Prayers, and the good Success of your Endeavours, is all from

SIR, Your, &c.

NARCISSUS *Ardmagh.*
WILLIAM *Dublin.*

The Archbishop of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Dec. 16, 1710.*

THIS is to acknowledge the Receipt of yours of the 20th past, which came not to my Hands till *Thursday* last, by Reason of Winds that kept the Pacquets on the other Side.

I find the Matter of our First Fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her Majesty's Letter comes in Form: And Quære, Why should not you come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome Clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the best Means to satisfy Mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of Dispute. I am very well apprized of the Dispatch you gave this Affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the Person fit to be employed than

B 4

some

24 LETTERS *to and from*

some of my Brethern. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their Neighbours ; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new Turn here as well as with you, and I am of Opinion, by the Time you come here, few will profess themselves *Whiggs*. The greatest Danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the Fury and Indiscretion of some of our own People, who never had any Merit, but by imbroiling Things ; they did, and I am afraid will yet do Mischief.

I heartily recommend you to GOD's Favour,

And am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

N. B. *Dr. Swift used his Credit with the Ministry, for the Benefit of the Church of Ireland, so heartily and so effectually at this critical Time, that he procured a Grant from the Queen for exonerating the Clergy of Ireland from paying Twentieth Parts, dated the Seventh of February, 1710. and another Grant bearing the same Date, to Narcissus Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Constantine Phipps Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William Lord Archbishop of Dublin, John Lord Archbishop of Tuam, and others,*
of

of the First Fruits payable out of all Ecclesiastical Benefices, in Trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing Glebes, and building Residentiary Houses for poor endowed Vicars.

The Success of which charitable Fund hitherto, may be seen in the printed Pamphlet containing an Account of the First Fruits of Ireland.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Suffolk-street,

Nov. 22, 1716.

S I R,

I Read yours of the thirteenth Instant with great Satisfaction. It is not only an Advantage to you and me, that there should be a good Correspondence between us, but also to the Public; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade People here, that we kept any tolerable Measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good Intelligence: And therefore, you judged right, that it ought not to be said that, in some, many Months, that I had not received any Letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest Friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the Service you did in procuring the Twentieth Parts and First Fruits;

Fruits: I know no Reason for it, except the Zeal I shewed to do you *Justice* in *that Particular*, from the Beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear Testimony to the Truth in a Matter, which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the *worst Enemy* I had^d in the World, I see no Reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your Witness. But, be not concerned, Ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient Custom: And it is more Honour for a Man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable Return* to his *Merits*, than why he was overpaid. *Bene-facere & male audire* is the Lot of the best Men. If Calumny or Ingratitude could have put me out of my Way, God knows where I should have wandered by this Time.

I am glad the Business of St. * *Nicholas* is over any way: My Inclination was Mr. *Wall*; that I might have joined the Vicarage of *Castle-knock* to the Prebend of *Malahidart*; which would have made a good Provision for one Man, served the Cures better, and yielded more then to the Incumbent, than it can do now, when in different Hands. But I could not compass it

* The Dean and Chapter of St. *Patrick's* are the Appropriators of that Church, and have the Right of bestowing the Cure on whom they please.

without

without using more Power over my Clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your Condescension in that Affair, so I will expect that those, with whom you have complied, should shew their Sense of it, by a mutual Return of the like Compliance, when there shall be Occasion. Such reciprocal kind Offices are the ground of mutual Confidence and Friendship, and the Fewel that keeps them alive: And, I think, nothing can contribute more to our common Ease, and the public Good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the Clergy.

We have a strong Report, that my Lord *Bolingbroke* will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill Story of you.

I add only my Prayers for you, and am,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

and Brother,

WILLIAM *Dublin.*

Dr.

Dr. SWIFT to the Archbishop of Dublin.

MY LORD, *Trim, Dec. 16, 1716.*

I Should be sorry to see my Lord *Bolingbroke* following the Trade of an Informer: Because he is a Person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great Love and Esteem. For, I think, as the rest of Mankind do, that Informers are a detestable Race of People, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see whom his Lordship can inform against, except himself: He was three or four Days at the Court of *France*, while he was Secretary; and it is barely possible he might then have enter'd into some deep Negotiation with the *Pretender*: Although I would not believe him, if he should swear it. Because *he protested to me*, that he never saw *him but once*; and that was at a great Distance, *in publick at an Opera*. As to any others of the Ministry at that Time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: And that they *will appear as innocent* with relation to the *Pretender*, as any who are now at the Helm. And, as to myself, if I were of any Importance, I should be very easy under *such an Accusation*; much easier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth
me

me in any Danger; or that Lord *Bolingbroke* should have any ill Story to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of such an Action. But I am surprized to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some Years past; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile Man; declaring to you on all Occasions *my Abhorrence of the Pretender*; and yet privately engaged with a Ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my Defence against a false BROTHER, coming over to discover such Secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least *Overture* or *Intent* of *bringing in the Pretender*, during my Acquaintance with the Ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some Discoveries or Suspicions. And, although I am not sure I should have turned Informer; yet, I am certain I should have dropt some general Cautions; and immediately have retired. When People say; Things were not ripe at the Queen's Death; they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: And had the Ministers any such Thoughts, they should have begun Three Years before; and they, who say otherwise, understand nothing of the State of the Kingdom at that Time.

But

But whether I am mistaken or no in other Men, I beg your Grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be *against the Pretender*; and *am so still*. And this is not to make my Court (which I know is vain) for I own myself full of Doubts, Fears, and Dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: Yet, if I were of any Value, the Publick may safely *rely on my Loyalty*; because I look upon the *coming of the Pretender* as a greater Evil, than any we are like to suffer under the worst Whig-Ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of Party these two Years, nor could any thing have tempted me to it; but the Grief I have in standing so ill in your Grace's Opinion.

I beg your Grace's Blessing,

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

An

*An Answer to Lord PALMERSTON's civil
polite Letter. [So indorsed.]*

Jan. 31, 1725-6.

MY LORD,

I Desire you will give yourself the last Trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any Injury or Injustice done to Mr. * *Curtis*; and if you had read that Passage in my Letter a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The Injury and Injustice the young Man received were from those, who, claiming a Title to his Chambers, took away his Key; and reviled and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous Conduct: Whereupon, at his Request, I laid the Case before † you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if, on Account of a Trifle, and of a Person, for whom I have no Concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the Character he bears of Piety and Learning, I should charge you with Injury and Injustice to him, when I know

* A Resident Master in *Trinity College*, whom the Dean made one of the four Minor Canons of *St. Patrick's Cathedral*.

† Lord Viscount *Palmerston* (Nephew to Sir *William Temple*) hath a right to bestow two handsome Chambers in the University of *Dublin*, upon such Students as he and his Heirs shall think proper, on Account of the Benefactions of this Family towards the College Buildings.

from

32 LETTERS *to and from*

from himself and Mr. *Reading*, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the Case of Tenant at Will, I fully agree, that no Law can compel you ; but Law was not at all in my Thoughts. Now, my Lord, if what I writ of Injury and Injustice were wholly applied in plain Terms to one or two of the College here, whose Names were below my Remembrance ; you will consider how I could deserve an Answer in every Line full of foul Insinuations, open Reproaches, jesting Flirts, and contumelious Terms ; and what Title you claim to give me such Treatment. I own my Obligation to Sir * *William Temple*, for recommending me to the late King, although without Success ; and for his Choice of me to take Care of his posthumous Writings. But, I hope, you will not charge my being in his Family, as an Obligation ; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his House on any other Motives, than the Benefit of his Conversation and Advice, and the Opportunity of pursuing my Studies. For be-

* After Mr. *Swift* left the University of *Dublin*, Sir *William* (whose Father, Sir *John Temple*, Master of the Rolls in *Ireland*, had been a Friend to the Family) invited our young Author to spend some Time with him at *Moor-park* in *England*, for Sake of his Conversation ; where he pursued his Studies through all the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians. Here it was he was introduced by his Friend to King *William* ; when his Majesty used to pay frequent Visits to that great Minister, after he had retired from public Business to his Seat at *Moor-park*.

ing

ing born to no Fortune, I was, at his Death, as much to seek it as ever: And perhaps, you will allow, that I was of some Use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the Time, when I had some little Credit, I did fifty times more for fifty People from whom I never received the least Service or Assistance; yet I should not be pleased to hear a Relation of mine reproaching them with Ingratitude; although many of them well deserve it. For, Thanks to Party, I have met in both Kingdoms with Ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill-inform'd, you have not been much better, that I declared no regard to your Family; for so you express your self: I never had Occasion or Opportunity to make use of any such Words. The last Time I saw you in *London* was the last Intercourse that I remember to have had with your Family. But having always trusted to my own Innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my Accusers. When I mentioned my Loss of Interest with you, I did it with Concern; And I had no *Re-sentment*; because I supposed it to arise only from different Sentiments in publick Matters.

My Lord, if my Letter were polite, it was against my Intention, and I entreat your Pardon for it. If I have Wit, I will keep

it to shew when I am angry; which at present I am not: Because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate Words your Pen hath let fall, yet I shall give Allowance to a hasty Person hurried on by a Mistake beyond all Rules of Decency. If a First Minister of State had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another Style; because in that Case retaliating would be thought a Mark of Courage. But as your Lordship is not in a Situation to do me Good, nor, I am sure, of a Disposition to do me Mischief; so I should lose the Merit of being bold, because I incurred no Danger. In this Point alone we are exactly equal: But in Wit and Politeness, I am as ready to yield to you, as in Titles and Estate.

I have found out one Secret; that although you call me a *great Wit*, you do not think me so; otherwise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a Letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask Pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the Offence; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your Conscience and Honour.

I have formerly upon Occasions been your humble Servant in *Ireland*; and
should

Dr. SWIFT.

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should not refuse to be so still, but you have so useful and excellent a Friend in Mr. *Reading*, that you need no other; and I hope my good Opinion of him will not lessen yours. *I am,*

My Lord,

Your most humble Servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I should not think to be a full, but you
have to think and even a friend in
the world, and you are no other, and
I hope to be a full, but you are no other, and

THE BATTLE

THE
Beasts Confession
TO THE
PRIEST,
ON
Observing how most Men mistake
their own Talents.

Written in the Year 1732.

PAID
To the
Order of
the
Treasurer
of the
City of
New York

T H E

P R E F A C E.

I Have been long of Opinion, that there is not a more general and greater Mistake, or of worse Consequences through the Commerce of Mankind, than the wrong Judgments they are apt to entertain of their own Talents : I knew a fluttering Alderman in London, a great Frequenter of Coffee-Houses; who, when a fresh Newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his Brother Citizens ; but in a Manner, as little intelligible to the Standers-by as to himself. How many Pretenders to Learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very Parts of Science wherewith they are least acquainted? It is the same Case in every other Qualification. By the Multitude of those who deal in Rhimes from Half a Sheet to

*Twenty, which come out every Minute, there must be at least five hundred Poets in the City and Suburbs of London; half as many Coffee-House Orators, exclusive of the Clergy; forty thousand Politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound Scholars: Not to mention the Wits, the Railliers, the Smart Fellows, and Criticks; all as illiterate and impudent as a Suburb Whore. What are we to think of the fine dressed Sparks, proud of their own personal Deformities, which appear the more hideous by the Contrast of wearing Scarlet and Gold, with what they call * Toupees on their Heads, and all the Frippery of a modern Beau, to make a Figure before Women; some of them with Hump-Backs, others hardly five Foot high, and every Feature of their Faces distorted; I have seen many of these insipid Pretenders entering into Conversation with Persons of Learning, constantly making the grossest Blunders in every Sentence, without conveying one single Idea fit for a rational Creature to spend a Thought on; perpetually confounding all Chronology and Geography even of present*

* Wigs with long black Tails, worn for some Years past. November 1738.

Times. I compute, that London hath eleven native Fools of the Beau and Puppy-Kind, for one among us in Dublin; besides two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown Capital exceeds ours in the Article of Dunces, by forty to one; and, what is more to our further Mortification, there is not one distinguished Fool of Irish Birth or Education, who makes any Noise in that famous Metropolis, unless the London Prints be very partial or defective; whereas, London is seldom without a Dozen of their own educating, who engross the Vogue for half a Winter together, and are never heard of more, but give Place to a new Sett. This hath been the constant Progress for at least thirty Years past, only allowing for the Change of Breed and Fashion.

Adver-

Advertisement.

THE following Poem is grounded upon the universal Folly of Mankind, of mistaking their Talents; by which the Author doth a great Honour to his own Species, almost equalling them with certain Brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: And, yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four Animals; the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, and the Ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the Article of Cunning: So great is the Pride of Man.

THE
Beasts Confession
TO THE
PRIEST, &c.

WHEN Beasts could speak, (the
Learned say
They still can do so every Day)
It seems, they had Religion then,
As much as now we find in Men.
It happen'd when a Plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The King of Brutes (to make it plain,
Of Quadrupeds I only mean)
By Proclamation gave Command,
That ev'ry Subject in the Land
Should to the Priest confess their Sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins :

Good Father, I must own with Shame,
That, often I have been to blame :

I must

I must confess, on *Friday* last,
Wretch that I was, I broke my Fast :
But, I defy the basest Tongue
To prove I did my Neighbour wrong ;
Or ever went to seek my Food
By Rapine, Theft, or Thirst of Blood.

The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his Heart he lov'd a Jest :
A Wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a Dunce alone :
Sometimes his Friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe :
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a *Wit* both born and bred ;
And, if it be a Sin or Shame,
Nature alone must bear the Blame :
One Fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His Ears are half a Foot too short ;
Which could he to the Standard bring,
He'd shew his Face before the K—— :
Then for his Voice, there's none disputes
That he's the Nightingale of Brutes.

The Swine with contrite Heart allow'd,
His Shape and Beauty made him proud :
In Diet was perhaps too nice,
But Gluttony was ne'er his Vice :

In

In ev'ry Turn of Life content,
And meekly took what Fortune sent :
Enquire through all the Parish round
A better Neighbour ne'er was found :
His Vigilance might some displease ;
'Tis true, he hated Sloth like Pease.

The mimick Ape began his Chatter,
How evil Tongues his Life bespatter :
Much of the cens'ring World complain'd,
Who said, his Gravity was feign'd :
Indeed, the Strictness of his Morals
Engag'd him in an hundred Quarrels :
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His Zeal was sometimes indiscreet :
He found his Virtues too severe
For our corrupted Times to bear :
Yet, such a leud licentious Age
Might well excuse a Stoick's Rage.

The Goat advanc'd with decent Pace :
And, first excus'd his youthful Face ;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's Fault) without a Beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To Fondness for the Female Kind ;
Not, as his Enemies object,
From Chance, or natural Defect ;

Not

Not by his frigid Constitution ;
But, thro' a pious Resolution ;
For, he had made a holy Vow
Of Chastity, as Monks do now ;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too ; as doth his * Reverence.

Apply the Tale, and you shall find
How just it suits with Human-kind.
Some Faults we own : But, can you guess ?
Why ? ——— Virtue's carry'd to Excess ;
Wherewith our Vanity endows us,
Though neither Foe nor Friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeez'd a needy Client :
And, this he makes his constant Rule ;
For which his Brethren call him Fool :
His Conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the Poor Advice ;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred Fees last *Easter* Term.
While others of the learned Robe
Would break the Patience of a *Job* ;
No Pleader at the Bar could match
His Diligence and quick Dispatch ;

* The Priest his Confessor.

Ne'er kept a Cause, he well may boast,
Above a Term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a Place
Without Success, thus tells his Case :
Why should he longer mince the Matter ?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter :
He had not learn'd to turn his Coat,
Nor for a Party give his Vote :
His Crime he quickly understood ;
Too zealous for the Nation's Good :
He found, the Ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his Heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the Lawn :
He pass'd his Hours among his Books ;
You find it in his meagre Looks :
He might, if he were worldly-wise,
Preferment get, and spare his Eyes :
But own'd he had a stubborn Spirit,
That made him trust alone in Merit :
Would rise by Merit to Promotion ;
Alas ! a mere chimeric Notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a Sin, and God forgive him :
Call'd up at Midnight, ran to save
A blind old Beggar from the Grave :

But,

But, see how *Satan* spreads his Snares ;
He quite forgot to say his Pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his Heart.
Sometimes to act the Parson's Part :
Quotes from the Bible many a Sentence
That moves his Patients to Repentance :
And, when his Med'cines do no Good,
Supports their Minds with heav'nly Food.
At which, however well intended,
He hears the Clergy are offended ;
And grown so bold behind his Back,
To call him Hypocrite and Quack,
In his own Church he keeps a Seat ;
Says Grace before and after Meat ;
And calls, without affecting Airs,
His Household twice a Day to Pray'rs.
He shuns Apothecary-Shops ;
And hates to cram the Sick with Slops :
He scorns to make his Art a Trade ;
Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite Maid.
Old Nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the Squire ;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their Shame.

The Statesman tells you with a *Sneer*,
His Fault is to be too *sincere* ;

And,

to the PRIEST.

And, having no sinister Ends,
Is apt to disoblige his Friends.
The Nation's Good, his Master's Glory,
Without Regard to *Whig* or *Tory*,
Where all the Schemes he had in View;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand Lyes,
'Twas *He* defeated the EXCISE.
'Twas known, though he had born Asperſion,
That *Standing Troops* were his Averſion:
His Practice was, in ev'ry Station,
To ſerve the King, and pleaſe the Nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry Caſe
The fitteſt Man to fill a Place:
His Promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took Memorials on the Spot:
His Enemies, for want of Charity,
Said, he affected Popularity:
'Tis true the People underſtood,
That all he did was for their Good;
Their kind Affections he has try'd;
No Love is loſt on either Side.
He came to Court with Fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry Year;
Muſt, at the Rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his Maſteſty would pleaſe
To give him but a Writ of Eaſe,

D

Would

Would grant him Licence to retire,
As it hath long been his Desire,
By fair Accounts it would be found
He's poorer by ten thousand Pound,
He owns, and hopes it is no Sin,
He ne'er was partial to his Kin;
He thought it base for Men in Stations,
To crowd the Court with their Relations:
His Country was his dearest Mother,
And ev'ry virtuous Man his Brother:
Through Modesty, or aukward Shame.
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest Men he could,
Without Respect to Friends, or Blood;
Nor ever acts on private Views,
When he hath Liberty to chuse.

The Sharper swore he hated Play,
Except to pass an Hour away:
And, well he might; for to his Cost,
By want of Skill, he always lost:
He heard there was a Club of Cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand Feats;
Could change the Stock, or cog a Dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest Eye:
No Wonder how his Fortune sunk,
His Brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own

I own, the Moral not exact ;
 Besides, the Tale is false in Fact ;
 And, so absurd, that could I raise up,
 From Fields *Elyzian*, fabling *Esop* ;
 I would accuse him to his Face,
 For libelling the *Four-foot* Race.
 Creatures of ev'ry Kind but ours
 Well comprehend their nat'ral Pow'rs ;
 While We, whom *Reason* ought to sway,
 Mistake our Talents ev'ry Day :
 The Ass was never known so stupid
 To act the Part of *Tray* or *Cupid* ;
 Nor leaps upon his Master's Lap,
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with Pap ;
 As *Esop* would the World persuade ;
 He better understands his Trade :
 Nor comes whene'er his Lady whistles ;
 But, carries Loads, and feeds on Thistles ;
 Our Author's Meaning, I presume, is
 A Creature * *bipes et implumis* ;
 Wherein the Moralist design'd
 A Compliment on Human-kind :
 For, here he owns, that now and then
 † Beasts may *degen'rate* into Men.

* *A Definition of Man disapproved by all Logicians : Homo est Animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu.*

† *Vide Gulliver in his Account of the Houyhnhnms.*

VERSES *made for Women who cry*
Apples, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine Wares,
Plumbs, Apples, and Pears,
A hundred a Penny,
In Conscience too many,
Come, will you have any;
My Children are Seven,
I wish them in Heaven,
My Husband's a Sot,
With his Pipe and his Pot,
Not a Farthing he'll gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

}

ASPARAGUS.

R I P E 'Sparagrafs,
Fit for Lad or Lads,
To make their Water pass:
O, 'tis pretty Picking
With a tender Chicken.

}

ONIONS.

O N I O N S.

COME, follow me by the Smell,
Here's delicate Onions to sell,
I promise to use you well.
They make the Blood the warmer,
You'll feed like a Farmer :
For this is ev'ry Cook's Opinion,
No fav'ry Dish without an Onion.
But lest your Kissing should be spoil'd,
Your Onions must be th'rougly boyl'd;
Or else you may spare
Your Mistress a Share,
The Secret will never be known ;
She cannot discover
The Breath of her Lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

}

O Y S T E R S.

CHarming Oysters I cry,
My Masters come buy,
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their Flesh,

D 3

No

No *Colchester* Oyſter,
 Is ſweeter and moyſter.
 Your Stomach they ſettle,
 And rouse up your Mettle,
 They'll make you a Dad
 Of a Laſs or a Lad;
 And Madam your Wife
 They'll pleaſe to the Life;
 Be ſhe barren, be ſhe old,
 Be ſhe Slut, or be ſhe Scold,
 Eat my Oyſters, and lie near her,
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not ſparing,
 Leave off ſwearing
 Buy my Herring }
 Fresh from * *Malabide*,
 Better ne'er was try'd.
 Come eat 'em with pure fresh Butter and
 Muſtard,
 Their Bellies are ſoft, and as white as a
 Cuſtard.
 Come, Six-pence a Dozen to get me ſome
 Bread,
 Or, like my own Herrings, I ſoon ſhall be dead.

* *Malabide*, above five Miles from *Dublin*, famous for Oyſters.

ORANGES.

O R A N G E S.

COME, buy my fine Oranges, Sauce for
your Veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a Pot of brown
Ale.

Well roasted with Sugar and Wine in a Cup,
They'll make a sweet Bishop when Gentlefolks
sup.

 TO LOVE.

IN all I wish, how happy should I be,
 Thou grand Deluder, were it not for Thee.
 So weak Thou art, that Fools thy Pow'r
 despise,
 And, and yet so strong, Thou triumph'st o'er
 the Wife.
 Thy Traps are laid with such peculiar Art,
 They catch the Cautious; let the Rash depart.
 Most Nets are fill'd by want of Thought and
 Care,
 But too much Thinking brings us to Thy Snare,
 Where held by Thee, in Slavery we stay,
 And throw the pleasing Part of Life away.
 But what does most my Indignation move,
 Discretion, thou wer't ne'er a Friend to Love:
 Thy chief Delight is to defeat those Arts
 By which he kindles mutual Flames in Hearts,
 While the blind loit'ring God is at his Play,
 Thou steal'st his golden pointed Darts away;
 Those Darts which never fail; and in their
 Stead,
 Convey'st malignant Arrows tipt with Lead:
 The

The heedless God, suspecting no Deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wond'rous
Feats ;

But, the poor Nymph, who feels her Vitals
burn,

And from her Shepherd can find no Return,
Laments and rages at the Pow'rs divine,
When, curs'd Discretion, all the Fault was
thine ;

Cupid and *Hymen* Thou hast set at Odds,
And bred such Feuds betwixt those Kindred
Gods,

That *Venus* cannot reconcile her Sons,
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former Scales, wherein he us'd to poise
Love against Love, and equal Joys with Joys,
Are now fill'd up with Avarice and Pride,
Where Titles, Pow'r and Riches still subside,
Then, gentle *Venus*, to thy Father run,
And, tell him, how thy Children are undone ;
Prepare his Bolts, and give one fatal Blow,
And strike Discretion to the Shades below.

*The following Lines were wrote upon
a very old Glas of Sir Arthur
Achefon's.*

FRail Glas, thou mortal art, as well as I,
Tho' none can tell, which of us first shall
dye.

Answered extempore by Dr. SWIFT.

We both are Mortal; but thou, frailer Creature,
May'ft die like me by Chance; but not by
Nature.

VERSES

VERSES *cut by two of the* DEAN'S
Friends upon a Pane of Glass in
one of his Parlours.

A Bard on whom *Phæbus* his Spirit
bestow'd
Resolving t' acknowledge the Bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new Method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a Blessing;
To the God he'd be grateful, but Mortals he'd
chouse,
By making his Patron preside in his House,
And wisely foresaw this Advantage from thence,
That the God wou'd in Honour bear most of
th' Expence:
So, the Bard he finds Drink, and leaves *Phæbus*
to treat
With the Thoughts he inspires, regardless of
Meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer Wit and
sheer Wine.

On

On another Window.

Are the Guests of the House still doom'd to be
cheated?

Sure the Fates have decreed they by Halves
shou'd be treated.

In the Day of good * *John*, if you came here
to dine,

You had Choice of good Meat, no Choice of
good Wine.

In *Jonathan's* Reign if you come hear to eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, no Choice of
good Meat.

Oh *Jove*! then how fully might all Sides be
blest,

Wouldst thou but agree to this humble Request:
Put both Deans in one; or if that's too much
Trouble,

Instead of the Deans, make the Deanry double.

* Dr. *John Stearne*, late Lord Bishop of *Clogher*, who had
been the Predecessor of Dr. *Swift*, in the Deanry of St. *Patrick's*,
and was always distinguished for his great Hospitality.

The AUTHOR's manner of Living.

ON rainy Days alone I dine,
Upon a Chick, and Pint of Wine.
On rainy Days, I dine alone,
And pick my Chicken to the Bone:
But this my Servants much enrages,
No Scraps remain to save Board-wages.
In Weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a Friend:
Yet where he's not so rich as I;
I pay my Club, and so God b'y' —

An

AN EPIGRAM

ON

WOOD'S BRASS-MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the Shore
 First with the brazen Cannons Roar,
 To meet him next, the Soldier comes,
 With brazen Trumps and brazen Drums.
 Approaching near the Town, he hears
 The brazen Bells salute his Ears:
 But when *Wood's* Brass began to sound,
 Guns, Trumpets, Drums, and Bells were
 drown'd.

Part

*Part of the 9th ODE of the 4th Book
of HORACE, address'd to Doctor
WILLIAM KING, late Lord Arch-
Bishop of Dublin.*

Paulum sepultæ, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our Breast
Is Inactivity at best,
But, never shall the Muse endure
To let your Virtues lie obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your Labours for the Publick Weal.
Within your Breast all Wisdom lyes,
Either to govern or advise;
Your steady Soul preserves her Frame
In good and evil Times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred Presence aw'd;
Your Hand alone from Gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish World in Chains.

Him for an happy Man I own,
Whose Fortune is not overgrown;

And

44 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

And, happy he, who wisely knows
To use the Gifts, that Heav'n bestows;
Or, if it please the Powers Divine,
Can suffer Want, and not repine.
The Man, who Infamy to shun,
Into the Arms of Death would run,
That Man is ready to defend
With Life his Country, or his Friend.

A LOVE

A LOVE POEM

FROM A

PHYSICIAN to his MISTRESS.

Written at *London* in the Year 1738.

BY Poets we are well assur'd
 That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
 A complicated Heap of *Ills*,
 Despising *Boluses* and *Pills*.
 Ah! *Chloe*, this I find is true,
 Since first I gave my Heart to you.
 Now, by your Cruelty *hard-bound*
 I strain my *Guts*, my *Colon* wound:
 Now, Jealousy my *grumbling Tripes*
 Assaults, with grating, grinding *Gripes*:
 When Pity in those Eyes I view,
 My *Bowels* wambling make me *spew*.
 When I an am'rous Kiss design'd,
 I *belch'd* a Hurricane of *Wind*.
 Once, you a gentle Sigh let fall,
 Remember how I *suck'd* it all;

E

What

What *Colick Pangs* from thence I felt,
 Had you but known, your *Heart* would melt,
 Like ruffling Winds in Caverns pent,
 Till Nature pointed out a Vent.
 How have you torn my *Heart* to Pieces,
 With Maggots, Humours, and Caprices!
 By which I got the *Hemorrhoids*,
 And loathsome *Worms* my *Anus* voids.
 Whene'er I hear a Rival nam'd,
 I feel my *Body* all inflam'd;
 Which breaking out in *Boyls* and *Blanes*,
 With *yellow Filth* my Linen stains.
 Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *Thirst*,
 Small-beer I guzzle till I burst:
 And then I drag a bloated *Corpus*
 Swell'd with a *Dropsy*, like a Porpus;
 When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a *Pail*.



VERSES *upon the late Countess of*
DONEGAL, who died in the Year
1743.

UNerring Heav'n, with bounteous Hand,
Has form'd a Model for your Land,
Whom *Jove* endow'd with ev'ry Grace,
The Glory of the *Granard* Race;
Now destin'd by the Pow'rs divine,
The Blessing of another Line.
Then would you paint a matchless Dame,
Whom you'd consign to endless Fame;
Invoke not *Cytherea's* Aid,
Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd Maid,
Nor need you on the Graces call; ———
Take Qualities from DONEGAL.

An EPIGRAM *on* SCOLDING.

GREAT Folks are of a finer Mold;
Lord! how politely they can scold;
While a coarse *English* Tongue will itch,
For Whore and Rogue, and Dog and Bitch.

FINIS.

Just Published by the same AUTHOR.

DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS

IN GENERAL;

And in particular to

The BUTLER,
COOK,
FOOTMAN,
COACHMAN,
GROOM,
HOUSE-STEWARD,
and
LAND-STEWARD,

PORTER,
DAIRY-MAID,
CHAMBER-MAID,
NURSE,
LAUNDRESS,
HOUSE-KEEPER,
TUTORESS, or
GOVERNESS.

